OF GUY Earl of WARWICK.

By *Samuel Smithson.*

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The Famous History OF GUY Earl of WARWICK.

CHAP. I.

IN the Blessed time of Memory, when King Athelstone wore the Imperial Diadem, and Reigned Regent of our English Nation, Sir Guy (Warwicks mirror, and the Worlds Wonder) was the chief Heroe, and Knight of Chivalry in that Golden Age, whose Prowess and bold deportments, with his noble Valor, became so Peerless and excellent, surpassing all his Predecessors; that Fames loud Trumpet Sounded Warwicks praise throughout the World, by which Jews, Turks & Infidels, trembled at the name of Guy.

But as Mars the God of Battle, was inspired with the amorous Beauty of Venus, so our Sir Guy, (by no Man conquered, was conquered by Love) for Phelice the fair, so was she called by the Commonalty, because of her exquisite beauty and feature, whose virtue inestimable, with such sweet modest behavior, so abundantly overflowing in her Breast, that her Graces and her Effigies, made a perfect sympathy: This bright Heavenly Star, shining with such lustre, that Guys poor heart was ravisht with her countenance, from whence pro-

proceeded etherial darts of amity, directed by Cupids over-reaching power, that our admired champion (Sir Guy) prostrated to the Earth, in adoration of his heavenly Phelice, and his earthly Goddess, whose beauty was so rare and excellent, that Hellen the pride of Greece, might seem a Blackamoze to our peerless Phelice, being the Fairest Creature under the Sun. This heavenly object to Guys sight which shon with such glory and splendor from the fair face of Phelice, caused numerous of Contemplations in his Love-sick mind, which are but meer fancies springing from affection, leading the overtaking lover into crooked mazes, into labyrinths and Seas of troubles: therefore Sir Guy resolves to make tryal of his Love desires, not to stand doting on a Womans face of Beauty, but to pursue the onset according to Cupids invitation, by which the Game may be won.

CAAP. II.

THus resolved in his mind he makes his journey towards Warwick-Castle, where Phelice dwelt (being daughter & heir to the Lord Rohand Earl of Warwick) being entred the Castle, Guy much desired to see the jewel of his heart: the Earl (Phelices Father) hearing of Guys coming, entertains him with great joy and triumph; After some certain time of repose, the E. desired Guys good company to recreate themselves in hunting; but Sir Guy feeling the pangs of love beating upon his Shipwrackt mind, feeling such deep impres-

tions made in his heart, by the inchanting looks of Phelice. Guy feigned himself sick of a contagious disease, as an answer to excuse what had been requested. Earl Rohand troubled for his friend Guy, sent his own Doctor to assuage him of his malady, for the recovery of his well beloved friend; after some serious dispute, the Doctor told Sir Guy, that his Body was very dangerous and hard to cure, and without letting Blood there was no Remedy: Sir. (said Guy) I know my body is distempered, but you want skill to cure the inward Inflamation of my Heart, Galens Herbal cannot quote the Flower which I lack for my Remedy, but I my self know how my sickness is, both the cause, and the effect, and therefore Doctor for your love I am obliged.

The Doctor departed, and left Sir Guy in his Love-sick passion, sighing to senceless Trees, and chattering Birds, yeilding no comfort to appease his Love Afflictions, but choice of Cogitations springing in his breast like an over-flowing fountain, but still his drift was, how and which way to obtain the Flower Preservative of his Love-disease; at last through times procurement, he cast his gentle Eyes upon that Heavenly Face of Phelice, walking in a choice Garden Crown'd with Golden Roses, and Odoriferous Flowers, her self being Queen of this pleasant Paradise.

Guy resolves to attempt his design, and therefore intreats sweet Cupid to assist him; Teach me (quoth

(quoth Guy) to woo, to court and kiss, to dally with loves delight, frame my action, my Speech, my gesture, that I may be to phelice, as phelice is to me.

CHAP. III.

WIth speed Guy walks to the Garden, being entertained by a Damosel that waited on fair phelice, reposing of her self in a green Arbor of pleasure, whom Guy salutes with bended knee, amazed with her love inchanting Eye, where Cupid appeared in every Corner, as Comets do in their etherial station, saying, All hail fair phelice, thou mirror of Nature, fair flower of Beauty, and jewel of vertue, 'tis love, fair phelice, which was my conductor, and bound me in the burning Italian fire, where resting in torments, hoping in despair, I wait the hour of bliss or minute of misery, celestial Creature made of beauties mold, whom honors & Royal dignities do attend as Stars do wait upon their Queen; be pleased to grant and grace my suit as Hero did to Leander, so shall I think my self happy in thy Cordial love, otherwise fatal: compleated by the decree of destiny.

I know sweet Lady that great Princes seek to win thy love, whose exquisite perfection of Wydest Nature might seem to Grace the Mightiest Monarch of the World, yet may they all come short of poor Guys real affection in whom is Love Pictured with naked truth and honesty: disdain me

not for being a Stewards Son one of thy Fathers Servants, for love may abound in me to fair Phelice, nay more then any mortal in the world besides.

Phelice interrupted him, and said to Guy, Cease gentle youth, and leave off this passionate affection, let not doting love seduce to such fits of idleness, you are but young, and also meanly born, and therefore you may not love and like where you please.

Love is an idle toy, and feeds your brain with fancies, leading astray every young giddy-headed Lover, and as a Frenzy operateth monthly in the brain, and disturbs the wits with dumpish cogitations, I would not for a world my Father should know this passion, and how thou spendest thy time in concealed imaginations, thou art unfit for my degree, for Honours wait not upon thee, and the Princely Eagle never catcheth Flies.

CHAP. IV.

GUy thus bitterly nipped with the harsh words of Phelice, cutting more sharp than two-edged swords, lives like one Distracted, and in his melancholly mind, tore his golden hair from his Head, wringing his hands most sadly, overwhelmed with torments, still continues this love-sick Man, resolved to travel throughout the World to find out the love of Phelice, or death to end his misery.

Long may Fame Nature crown, whose diurnal looks

looks makes so many ship-wrackt hearts in the sea of Sorrow, but when her course is run, she wheels about to a posture of amity, and sends a smile to cure their hearts that were wounded with her frowns; by which means Cupid (being the God of Love) and vice-Regent to his Mothers Court, issues forth his special Warrants, signed with a golden Dart; and whosoever denies to appear according to the time prohibited, must endure the just censure of their will and merry. Cupid knowing his Authority, finding in the Records Phelice obstinacy, straightway sollicites her to his Mothers Court; and because she should not think that he came only in an idle Dream, sent a powerful golden Dart, for a real testimony, presenting her a worthy Knight of Chivalry, saying, fair Phelice love him, nay, thou must love him, for thou canst not withstand my Power: this valiant Knight, with his bold atchievements, shall become so famous in the World, that his renowned actions shall be crowned to everlasting Posterity.

When fair Phelice found her self wounded with the golden Dart of Love, she crys, O Pitty me, sweet gentle Cupid, sollicite for me to thy mother, & I will offer my life as a sacrifice to her Alter: O pitty her that has been too too pittiless, & grace me with the favourable Bow; the Queen of Love from henceforth I'le adore, resigning all my Titles, honours, and Royal Dignities, which are unfit for me, let her be Graced with them, whilst

I remain a Servant to her Love, Will and pleasure.

Guy little dreaming of this sudden thaw, and wanting the balm of love to apply to his wounded sores, resolves to make a Second Encounter in Loves enterprize, expecting nothing but death and destiny; so coming again to fair Phelice, gives fire with this charge, saying; Fair Lady, I have been arraigned long ago, and now am I come to receive my just sentance from the Theatre of love; 'tis life or death fair Phelice as I look for, let me not lye languishing in despair; give judgement, fair Phelice, give Judgement, that I may know my doom; a Word from thy sacred Lip can cure my bleeding heart. a frown can doom me to the pit of misery, how happy are they (sweet Phelice) that live in loves amity, but Three-fold misery attends that Lover that lives in hate by his Mistris.

Gentle Guy, said Phelice, Love is not at my disposing, you know my Fathers name is great in the Nation, and I dare not match without his consent.

For that, sweet Lady, I make no doubt, but quickly to obtain both his love and liking, if martial deeds may win his love and favour, I'le venture through the World with a noble resolution; let me have thy love first fair phelice, and there is no fear of thy Fathers wrath to prevent us, it is an old saying, get the good will of the Daughter,

and

and her Parents love will soon be attained after.

Sir Guy, quoth phelice make thy bold atchievements, and noble actions shine abroad as the glorious Sun, that all oppolers may tremble at thy high applauded name, and thy suit shall not be denyed.

Fair phelice (said Guy) I ask no more, never did the Hound mind more his game, than I do my enterprize, phelice, farewel, take this joyal Kils as a signet from my heart.

CHAP. V.

THus noble Guy being at last enlarged from the thraldome of loves cruelty, now arms himself like a Knight of Chivalry, and prepares for to cross the surging Ocean, which happning according to his expectation, he did soon arrive in the Realm of France, where he heard of mighty matters to be performed in Normandy, which Warlike Pulick did ravish his greedy ear, for the Emperors Daughter of Almain was made a Prize for him that won her in the field, fair Blanch, (for so the Emperors Daughter was called) was spred throughout all Christendom, upon which report the Worthies of the World came thither for to try their Fortune, the Golden Trumpets Sounded with great joys and Triumphs, and the stately pampered Steeds proudly stampt upon the ground, and each one there thought himself a Cæsar that could abide no equal, Kings and Princes being there to behold who sho[illegible] the Conquerour, every

every one thinking that fair Blanch should be his own. After desperate charging with Horse and Man, much blood was shed, and Princes no more valued then vulgar Peasants, but our noble Guy appearing in his Warlike posture, laid about him like a Devil upon the Princes, there lay one headless, there another without a Leg or an Arm, there lay a Horse sprawling in his blood, Guy still like Hercules charged desperately, and killed a German Prince and his Horse under him; Duke Otten vowing revenge upon our English Champion, gave Guy a fresh assault, but his courage was soon cooled, then Duke Rayner would ingage with our famous Knight, but as little successful as the rest, so that no man would encounter Guy any more, by which valor he won the Lady in the field as a prize, being the approved Conqueror.

The mighty Emperor being spectator of his noble design, and seeing our English Kt. so Valiant, sent a Messenger for him: Guy coming into the Emperors presence, giveth to his Majesty reverend obeysance, and the Emperor as a token of his real affection, gave him his hand to kiss, and withal resigned his Daughter, the Falcon and the Hound, as the master-prize of his conquest; Guy humbly thankt his Majesty for his gracious favour, but for Phelice sake, left fair Blanch to her fathers tuition, and departed from that graceful Court onely with the other pledges.

CHAP. VI.

NOw Guy begins to meditate upon his long absence from his Fair Phelice, doubting of her prosperity, or that she might too much forget him because the Proverb says, Out of sight, out of mind, therefore Guy upon this consideration prepared for England, and at last arrived at the long wished for Haven of Love, and with this kind of salutation, greets his beloved Mistris: Fair Sir, said Guy, I now am come to challenge the Legacies of Love according to your last promise, which was upon making my name famous by Martial deeds, I should be the Master of my Beloved Mistris: behold fair Phelice part of my prize which I won in open field before Kings and Princes, and since this conquest, I cannot find any man but Cowards in the World.

Mighty Phelice, Worthy Knight, I have heard of thy winning the Lady Blanch from Royal Dukes and Princes, and I am much rejoyced to think my Guy should be so Victorious: But truly Guy thou must seek out for more Adventures.

Guy something discomforted at this answer, wishes himself amongst the midst of battles, taking his leave of Fair phelice, Clad himself already in Bellona's arms, and aspiring now to the height of Reputation, Travelled toward Sedgwin Duke of Lovane, against whom the Emperor of Almain lay in siege, but as Guy was going his pretended

journey

journey, Duke Otten (whom Guy had disgraced in Battle) hired fifteen Traytors to slay him, Guy being set upon by these Rebels, drew his Sword and fought in blood up to the Ears, until at last he had slain all these Traytors according to their deserts, leaving them to the Fowls of the Air to feed upon. This storm being thus happily over, Guy comes happily to the Duke of Lovane close beleagur'd round about with the Almains power, and little resistance did the Duke make against the Emperor. Guy caused the Lovanians to issue forth upon the cowardly Almains, and made such a bloody slaughter amongst them, that they were much disheartned, but the Emperour gathered new Forces, and besieged it again, thinking to starve them out with hunger, but Guy standing on the Walls threw them victuals in abundance, that the Emperor might see that they had store of provision, & when Guy perceived their bodies better fed than taught, sallyed out upon the Almains Guards, cutting off Horse and Man, that above thirty thousand were slain of the Almains in these 2 Battles, the Fields overflown with crimson blood, but Guy got more Fame and Praise in making a Perfect League and Peace with the Emperor and the Duke, than he did in his former Conquest, whose noble Head deserved to be crowned with Trophies to everlasting Memory.

A perfect Peace being concluded between these two mighty Princes, noble Guy took a Thou-

sand

land Christians, to fight with Turks, Jews, or Infidels, and coming into the midst of Battels, where these Heathens were Fighting, Guy with his Christian Souldiers made a mighty slaughter of these Infidels, insomuch that they Wondered at his great success and victory, at which Coldran, a mighty Pagan, challenged Guy at a single combat, so to cutting they went, and our noble Guy brought him to the ground, then Morgadour, a Gyant, went to revenge his Brothers wrong, but Guy conquer'd him and all the Pagan Champions which made them leave the fields, and went for security into the Town, where the Governour a blood-thirsty Villain proudly came to Guys Tent, and Demanded a Duel, saying, That he had promised his head to a Lady; but when they rusht together desperately, Guy being too courageous for his Valor, Eskeldart fled away to save his own head upon his shoulders, Guy meaning to crown his conquest with more Grace, Challenged the mighty Souldan, the Pagans chief General, as the rest were slain by his conquering hand, so the mighty Souldan was brought to the Ground, and perceiving his life a departing, in disdain of Christianity he flung whole handfuls of blood at Guy, thus were the Pagans conquered by our English Champion.

CHAP. VII.

After this tedious fight, on his travel he came to a Silver Spring, which Water was more sweet

sweet then wine to his appetite, reposing his wearied limbs for a while: at last he heard a most hideous noise, as if the Devil had been a Mongrels, being guided by his listning ear, he espied a Lyon & a Dragon a fighting, biting & taring one another with their manly nails, that blood issued forth like an overflowing Fountain, but the Lyon began to faint, which Guy perceiving, he encountered the Dragon with such noble magnitude, making this ugly Cerberus to yell & roar like the fiends of hell, at last down came the Dragon; thus Guy adding more glory to his former victories, went away as conqueror; the Lyon for the love of Guy run by his horse like a Spaniel, till lack of food made him retire to his wonted abode.

So Guy now travelling to the Duke of Loyane, met by the way Earl Terry, set upon by fifteen Traytors in a wood, who had taken away his Lady; Guy demands of the Earl, which way the villains were gone, at last Guy overtook them, and fell upon these bloody Traytors, and kill'd eight of them presently; the Lady seeing so much Blood shed, desired Guy to spare their lives that were left, and according to her request he did, restoring the Lady to her own Lord and Husband.

Now as Guy, Terry, and Ossile went about the woods, they heard a most terrible noise which much affrighted these friends and lovers: at last they met a friend, who told Lord Terry, That Duke Otten had traighyly begirt his Father about

bout the Castle, and threatned to pull down the Tower about his ears, no sooner noble Guy hearing Duke Ottens Name (that grand Traytor) but he and the Lord posted thither, and freed the Castle immediately, and Guy in open field slew Duke Otten hand to hand, but his dying words of repentance moved Guys heart to remorse & pity. But as Guy returned through a Desart, he met a hugious Boar that had slain many Christians, Guy manfully drew out his sword, & the brutish Boar gaped with his dreadful tuskes intending to devour our Noble Champion, but Guy quickly cooled his courage, and killed the mightiest Boar as ever Mortal beheld.

CHAP. VIII.

NOw noble Guy is bound for England, and arriving in his native Country, news came to K. Athelstone of *Guy's* arrival, being in the Famous City of York, where after due reverence to his Majesty, the K. told *Guy* of a Mighty Dragon that had Destroyed both Men, Women, & children, annoying grievously the Countrey of Northumberland, and many worthy Knights had engaged their lives to slay this Deadly Monster, but all were killed, and none could kill him. *Guy* desired to have a Guide, so coming to the Dragons Cave, out starts this hideous Monster whose eyes did Burn like flaming fire, and *Guy* charged the Dragon most desperately, but the hideous Monster bit his Lance in two like a reed, with that *Guy* drew his

sword

Sword, and cut gashes in the Dragons side, that filthy blood issued out from his venemous carkass, wounding every part about him, that down came Cerberus to the ground, noble Guy cut off the Monsters head, & gave it to the King as a present, whose direful countenance being dead, would affright the living, and for Guys praise and memory King Athelstone caused the picture of the Dragon (being 30 foot in length) to be wrought in cloath of Arras, and hung up in Warwick Castle, for an everlasting Monument.

After all these bold atchievements performed by noble Guy, phelice hearing of Guys Fame, and how he killed that ugly Dragon, came and met him at Lincoln, where after some pretty conceited Salutations, imbraceing each other in love & purity, & halmed kisses: The happy day of Marriage was appointed betwixt noble Guy and fair phelice, King Athelstone and his Queen were invited to this Royal Nuptial, with all the Princes, Nobles, and Barons of the Land, which Marriage was Celebrated with much Joy and Triumph.

No sooner was this Royal Nuptial compleated, but Earl Rohand, phelices Father, dies, and leaveth to his Son Guy all his Earldome and Lordships, and the King to grace Sir Guy for all his Worthy actions, Created him Earl of Warwick, in Rank and Quality of all the Nobles of the Land.

Chap.

CHAP. IX.

IN the height of Guys glory, being thus exalted to all his Fathers dignities, Conscience biddeth him to relent for all his former sins, & his youthful time spent in the behalf of a Woman: Therefore Guy resolved to be converted into another posture, and like a Pilgrim intends to travel to the Holy Land; phelice perceiving the sudden alteration, inquires of her Lord what was the cause of this sad passion: My phelice, said he, I have spent much time in honouring thee, and to win thy Favour, but never spared one minute for my Souls health in honouring the Lord; phelice (though much grieved) understanding his Determination, strove not to oppose his will, but with exchanging their Rings and melting kisses; Guy departs like a stranger from his own habitation, taking neither money nor scrip with him, but cold herbs & roots, such as the Wild Fields afforded was his chiefest byet, vowing ne'r to fight more but in a just cause.

Guys intended Journey was to go to Jerusalem, but travelling many tedious miles, he met with an aged man oppress with sorrows, for a masterless Gyant had taken 15 of his Sons from him, and kept them in a strong captivity, Guy (like a Pilgrim being at that present) demanded in love of the old man the cause of his grief, which Guy understanding, borrowed the old Mans Sword, and went to the Castle Gate where the Gyant dwelt; who coming to the door, asked Guy what was his

business to come thither, or how durst you, (quoth Amarant) (for so was the Gyant called,) knock so boldly at my Gates? for this I vow by all my Gods to split thy brains asunder.

Guy laughing to scorn this massy Gyant; said Sirra, it seems you are very quarrelsome, come, thou hound Dog; I have a sword that shall maintain my cause, which have hewed such Lubbards as thou art often asunder, and therewithal Guy said about the Gyants shoulders with a keen and massy blade, that the Gyant bled abundantly, and Amarant heaving up his club in the air thought to have kill'd him quickly, but noble Guy was nimble, cutting on the Gyants pillars, insomuch that he began to faint, desiring a little respit to quench his vehement thirst, which our noble Guy granted. So Amarant having slack'd his draught, they fell tow't pell mell; yet all the Gyants blows fell in vain on the ground, who being much enraged thereat, flung his Club at Guy, and beat him down, and ere that he could recover, got up his Club again; at the conclusion Guy kill'd this tripple headed Dog, and releast divers Captives that had been in Thraldome many years: Some were even starv'd to death, some hung up by the thumbs, some were hung about the middle, others were hanging with their heads downward, which sweet deliverance caused much joy and thankfulness, but Guy delivered both the Castle and the Keys to the Old Man and his fifteen Sons, desiring that no

wrong

wrong might be imposed upon Women.

CHAP. X.

GAining this freedom for the Captives, Guy went on his intended journey, and comming to a Grave, found a dead skull all Mouldy-eaten, with which Guy conversed, speaking to the scalp, and making answer for the Head; Perhaps, said Guy, thou wert a Prince or mighty Monarch, a King, Duke, or Lord? But the Beggar and the King must all to the Earth, and therefore Man had need to remember his dying hour: Perhaps thou mightest be a Queen, Dutchess, or Lady, garnisht with beauty, but now thou art but worms meat, lying in the Grave, a Sepulchre for all creatures.

And whilst Guy was in this repenting solitude, Phelice like a mourning Widdow, cloathed her self in sable attire, to express her inward grief and sorrow, vowing chastity in the absence of her beloved Husband; which pattern of sobriety may be crowned to everlasting memory, for her whole delight was in Divine meditations, heavenly consolations, and praying for the welfare of her Beloved Lord, also in conceit she travelled with him, for her heart was fixed most absolutely upon him, shedding many bitter tears, fearing that some savage Monster had devour'd him, or that Death had ended his Date before his Natural course, otherwise she thinks that he sits by a River side, and swells the water with weeping and hearing

in conceit, as an Ecchо, his voice, phelice, phelice, 'tis thee I love.

Thus phelice spent the remnant of her life in sorrow for her dear Lord, and to shew her humility, she sold her jewels, and costly robes, with which she used to grace King Athelstones Queen, and gave the Money freely to the Poor, and in this vertuous act she did excell all the Ladies of the Land, for none but phelice won the hearts of the people; she relieved the Lame, and the Blind, the Widdow and the Fatherless, and all those that came to crave an alms, she gave it to them freely, building a large Hospital for aged and sick people, that they might be comforted in their weak conditions, and according to this rule she laid up her treasure in Heaven, which will be repaid again with life everlasting.

CHAP. XI.

WHilst phelice was so excellent in her graces, *Guy* her beloved Husband Travelled through many Lands and Nations: At last in this weary Journey, *Guy* met with Earl Terry his sworn Brother, who had been exiled from his Nation by a Watterless Traytor; *Guy* bid him not be dismaid: for, saith he, Earl Terry, I'le venture my life for your restoration to your former honour and dignities, the Earl thanked *Guy* very courteously, so walking together against Terrys enemy, *Guy* challenged him into the field, & courageously slew the Traytor hand to hand, and set the Earl in

all

all his former places of honour, Earl Terry desired to know his Champions name, but Guy told him a secret now had otherwise comin'd him, nor would Guy take any gratuity for his Love.

Thus noble Guy was successful in all his valiant actions, & finding his head to be crowned with silver hairs; after many years travel, Guy is resolved (if the Heavens had decreed it) to lay his aged bones in his own Native country, for by natures course Guy found that his Glass had but a little sand, and therefore returning from the Holy Land, he comes for England, and being arrived on his Native shore, he found the nation in great distress, for the Bloody Danes had invaded the Land, destroying the Country, burning Cities, Towns and Villages, killing Men, Women and children in a most barbarous and bloody manner, insomuch that King Athelstone was forced to flie to the invincible City of Winchester for the safeguard of his life, which Town was strongly walled round about, and no Cannons were used in those Days, but he was the best Champion that won his conquest by the sword.

CHAP. XII.

THe Danes having intelligence of King Athelstones being at Winchester, drew all their forces thither, and seeing there was no means to win the City, the Bloody Danes sent in a Summons to K. Athelstone, desiring that an English-man might combate with a Dane, and that five to loose all that had their Champion kill'd. Upon

Upon this, mighty Colbrond singles himself from the Danes, and entred into Hide-Mead near Winchester, breathing out venemous words, calling the English cowardly Dogs, & that he would make their Carcasses meat for Crows and Ravens: Is now said Colbrond all your English courage become so timerous that you dare not fight? What mighty boasting hath there been in forraign nations of these English Cowards, as if they had done deeds of Wonder, who now like Foxes hid their heads, saying, It is safe sleeping in a whole skin.

Guy hearing the proud disdain of Colbrond, could no longer forbear, but presently goes to K. Athelstone, & beg'd this Combat upon his knees at the Kings gracious hand, the K. liking well the courage of the Pilgrim, for so was Guy habited unknown to all the English Nobility, he bid him go on and prosper, so Guy walked forth of the North-gate unto Hide-mead where Colbrond, the Danes mighty Champion was treading every step two yards of ground.

When Colbrond espyed Guy in his Palmers Weed, the Gyant disdained him with much ire & scorn, saying, Art thou the best Champion England can afford, for the honour of their K. Crown and Country: Gyant, quoth Guy, your words are tedious, and it is unfit for professed Champions to rail, filling the ayr with idle Wind, I have a Sword that shall be my Orator, and make deep expressions

pressions in thy blood, no longer stood they to parly, but with great vigor and courage they fought manfully, but Guy cut upon the Lubbards carcass that he died most desperately, Colbrond being moved to choller, was mighty vehement against Guy, and his heart could have eat him up at a mouthful, watching for to break his sword with his knotted club; but Guy was so nimble that in vain Colbrond struck, for every blow lighted upon the ground, Guy still laid about him like a Devil, which gave some encouragement to the English: but Colbrond in his combat began to faint, and bid Guy sue for mercy at his hands, and to leave fighting. No, coward, saith Guy, I'le have thy life or else Ile loose my own; for the King hath ventured his crown on my behalf, and therefore know Crayton I am resolved to fight while breath remaineth in my Body, with that Guy lent him such a mighty stroke which made a wide rupture in the Gyants flesh, that corrupted blood issued out, the next blow brought the Gyant to the ground, which the English seeing, they shouted with such joy and acclamation, that peals of ecchoes rung in the air. After this conquest won by the English, the Danes all departed to their own countrey.

CHAP. XIII.

King Athelstone sent for his Champion to honour him, but Guy refused it, saying my Liege, I am a mortal man, and therefore let the vain World at defiance, but by earnest request of the King

King upon promise of concealment, Guy told the King his name, which so much rejoyced his heart, that he embraced his worthy Champion, but Guy took leave of his Soveraign, and as an unknown Stranger went into the Fields; and made him a Cave living very penitive and solitary: and his dying hour drawing on, Guy sent a messenger with the King to phelice, which she seeing, came with all speed to her beloved Lord, where with weeping joy they embrac'd each other, Guy departed his life in her tender arms, and was honourably Interred, his Widdow taking grief for the death of her Husband, dyed within fifteen days after him, but K. Athelstone to grace the ever lasting memory of Guy, caused many monuments to be erected in Warwick-Castle, that after ages might speak of the noble fame and Honour of GUY Earl of WARWICK.

FINIS.